

3712
DAMON and PHILLIDA:

OR, THE
ROVER RECLAIM'D.

by Colley Cibber

As Perform'd by His Grace the Duke of
GRAFTON's SERVANTS, at the
Theatre at *Norwich, &c.*



Printed for **RICHARD FRISBY.**

MDCCXXX.

Persons Represented.

Arcas. A Nobleman of *Arcadia.* Mr. *James.*

Ægon. His Friend. A Jolly } Mr. *Paul.*
Country Gent.

Corrydon. An old Shepherd. Mr. *Frisby.*

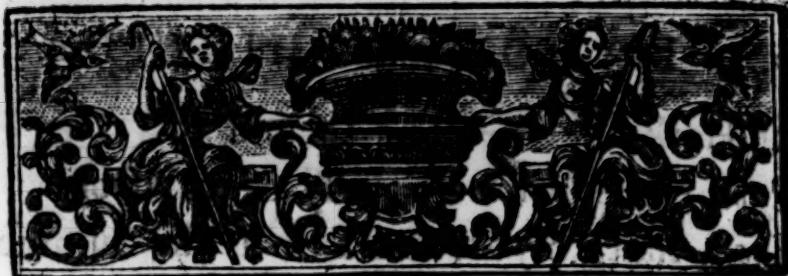
Damon. The Rover. Mr. *Bowman.*

Cimon. } Mr. *Buck.*
Mopetus. } Brothers. Mr. *Plat.*

Phillida. *Corrydon's* Daughter. Mrs. *Bowman.*

Shepherds and Shepheresses.

SCENE the Plains of *Arcadia.*



DA MON and PHILLIDA; OR, THE ROVER RECLAIM'D.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Arcas Solus.

A R C A S.



A I L to the rising Day !
Once yet again I see the An-
nual Morn
That gave me Birth, and
counts me into Age.
All glorious Ruler of Revol-
ving Light !

Thanks for thy Course of rolling Years enjoy'd,
That thus have, unafflicted, born me through,
The various Periods of appointed Life !

B.

But

10 D A M O N and P H I L L I D A :

But Hark ! —— The Jocund
Ægon comes with Friendly Gratulation.
Ægon, that's blyth, and lusty as the Summer,
Nor bending to the Burthen of his Years.

Enter Ægon.

Ægon Hail !

Health, and the Blessings of the Morn be thine.

Æg. Why, ay, my Lord ! this Day is bless'd
Indeed !

It gave you Life, and me the best of Friends,
And to that Friend, I owe my jovial Heart.
Let those be sad —— Who
With Policy, or Guile, disguise their Face.
The Privilege of Honesty is Mirth.

A I R . 1.

Let Wealth and Power enslave the Great,
Where Friendship's barter for a Name,
Here Truth alone, can Truth create,
And that supports it's lasting Fame.

Ar. Oh *Ægon* ! were I capable of Envy,
Thy turn of Mind wou'd tempt me to repine !
Why have I not this chearful Taste of Life ?
Why seems my Plenty, less than thy small
Store ?
What are my Wants, where are my Wishes
bounded ?

And

And yet —

'Twere happier to be *Ægon*, than be *Arcas*.

Ægon. You make me Triumph o'er your
Learning,

You who have all Philosophy can wish,
Have made a Man much happier than your self,
By giving him a Tythe of your Possessions.

Ar. Woud'st thou have more?

Æg. More than enough, Sir? No,
To crave is Poverty, Contentment, Riches:
Your Tythe's almost too much for me.

Ar. Thus Riches, when not wanted, lose
their Name.

Æg. And when posseſ'd by Prodigals, their
Power.

Even so it is, not Wealth, nor Wisdom, Sir,
'Tis Constitution gives us Happiness.
Nature has made you Pensive, me Sanguine:
You think your Virtues are a wise Man's Duty,
And therefore wear them with a serious Brow;
Now, Sir, the few that I can Boast, I think
Are Blessings too, therefore as such enjoy them.

A I R 2.

*He that wears a Heart
Void of Art,
Has Joys unknown.*

*To the greatest Men ;
Who, Nine in Ten,
Beneath their Greatness groan.*

*Riches are fine Things,
That have Wings,
And will away :
But an honest Mind,
Will ever find,
Content will with it Stay.*

*He whose Soul is clear
From Fraud, Disguise, or Guilt,
May all the Frowns of Fortune bear,
And at her Malice Smile.*

*Greatness that wou'd make us Grave,
Is but an empty Thing :
What more than Mirth wou'd Mortals have
The merry Man's a King.*

See this Way, old Corrydon, advances,
He comes by my Appointment, to complains
Of some Abuse, that's offer'd to his Daughter.

Enter Corrydon, Phillida, Cimon, Mopsus
Damon, and other Shepards.

Cor. May all our Gods preserve the Nobl
Arcas, Lor

Lord of our Lands, and Flocks. —

Ar. Good Neighbours, welcome !
What seems amiss, that may concern your Welfare ?

Cor. Ah ! my good Lord ! I have no Skill to
Speech it.
But Grief at Heart will always find a Tongue.
My Lord, this home-bred Maid I call my
Daughter,

She's all I have, and all my Hope ; now I
Wou'd gladly see her well dispos'd in Marriage.
And that she might not die a Maid, unask'd,
I have declar'd one Half of what I have
Her Dow'r, at present ; at my Death, the rest.
'Tis true, 'tis little ; but still, the Half is Half !
Now here, so please you, I have found her out
A Pair of wholesome Youths, to take her
Choice of :

Brothers they be, Sons of my Neighbour Dorus,
This is call'd Cimon, and the younger Mopsus !
Their Means, and Manners, suit her Breeding
well,

And both profess their Hearts are set upon her.

Ci. Yes, and please you, both cruelly in Love.
[half crying.]

Cor. Nay, pr'ythee, Cimon, let me tell my
Story.

Ar. A little Patience, Friend. ——

Mop. Hoh! hoh! hoh! hoh!

That Fool my Brother's always in the Wrong.

Cor. Fy! fy! *Mopsus!* now thou art worse than he.

Ar. On with thy Tale. ——

Cor. Now, Sir, these Lods, I say,

Were nothing in the way to cross their Courtship,

Might one or t'other make her a good Husband.
But here, here, an't please you, lies our Grief!
The wilful Girl is scornful to them both.

And why? Because, forsooth! she loves another!
But how! How is her Love dispos'd? Why thus!
This pranking gamesome Boy, this *Damon* here!
With Songs, and Gambals, has I think bewitch'd her.

His Pipe, it seems, has play'd her sweeter Sounds.
And all the idle Day they Toy and Sing together.

Ci. Ay, so they do, and please you ——

Cor. Nay, nay, *Cimon*!

Ci. Well! well! I've done: But I'm sure
it's true tho' ——

Cor. So nothing now will down with her but
Damon.

And what will *Damon* do? Why, ruin her!

The

The Lamb that's in the hungry Fox's Mouth,
Has little hope to scape being made his Break-
fast:

For he declares he ne'er intends to Marry,
And openly defies my Power to force him.
A hard Defiance to a tender Father. [Weeps.
Now, good my Lord; 'tis true you're not our
King,
And therefore none are bound, by Law, to obey
you.

But you've a stronger Tye o'er us, our Hearts.
The Man were Branded here, that scorn'd your
Pleasure.

And the great Good you do us every Day,
Will make your Word go farther than a Law.
So if you think my Case is hard;
I leave the manner How, to your great Wisdom;
And hope your Goodness will prevent a Fa-
ther's Sorrow.

Ar. O Ægon! How affecting is the Tongue
Of plain Simplicity — The honest Wretch!
He moves me more with Nature's Eloquence,
Than all the Points of our Athenian Orators.
Thy Grief, good *Corrydon*, I take to Heart,
And, to my poor Extent of Power, will serve
thee.

But hear me now, what others may reply.

Damon;

16 DAMON and PHILLIDA:

Damon, thou 'ast heard this good old Man
Complaint;

Why hast thou dallied with this Maid's Affection?

Da. My Lord, I mean the Lass no Harm
not I:

'Tis true, I like her Lip, and so I do
Some twenty others; and twenty others may
Have all the same Demand to Marry me!
But alafs-a-Day! Tho' Kissing goes by Favours,
A Man can't Marry every Girl he Kisses!
Were that a Claim, than she, that first was
Kiss'd,

Shou'd first be Married; so I hope, my Lord,
I shall not be bound to do one right, in wrong
To Hundreds; that should come, in Turn, be
fore her.

Æg. Sirrah! thou makest thy Perjuries a Sport
And think'st thy Wit excuses Wickedness.

Da. Not so hard, good Master, for Maid
sometimes

Are slippery Bits, as well as we; and he
That has but one poor String to his Bow, if that
Shou'd fly, will find but sorry Sport a Shooting.

Æg. Knave! thou 'rt a Nuisance; all the
Neighbours note thee

For a Poacher: When Nuts are ripe, he cracks
You half the Apron Strings, around the Country.

Ar. Gently

Ar. Gently, *Ægm*; let us suspend Reproof,
That we may hear, without Disguise, his
Thoughts.

Well *Damon*, what amends to *Corrydon*?
What shall I say I've done to right his Daughter?

Da. Why let the Damsel please her self,
my Lord;
If she's dispos'd to Marry, there's her Choice;
If to make Life a Frolick --- Here's her Man.
There's no great Hardship, where the Will is
Free:

As she must first Consent, before she Kisses,
I hope she'll first have mine, before I marry.
For though some Men have hang'd themselves
for Maids,

Yet, I have known my Betters think a Wife
The worst of Halters; So whate'er betide me,
I hope, you won't make Marriage, Sir, my Sen-
tence!

Ar. Think'st thou a virtuous Bride, a Punish-
ment?

Da. A Halter made of Silk's a Halter still;
And as the Song wisely says, my Lord,

A I R 3.

The Man, for Life;
That takes a Wife,
Is like a thousand dismal Things:

C

A

*A Fox in Trap,
Or worse, may hap,
An Owl, in Cage, that never Sings.*

*Dull from Morn to Night,
He hates her Sight,
Yet he, poor Soul! must endure it.
Bed of Thorns!
Head of Horns!
Such a Life!
Rope, or Knife,
Can only cure it.*

(2.)

*A Bull at Stake,
To Merry make,
He roars aloud, and the Laugh is strong!
Like Dog, and Cat,
Or Puss, and Rat,
He fights for Life, and it lasts as long.
But the Man that's Free,
Is like the Bee,
While every Flower he's Tasting.
Never cloys,
With his Joys,
Day, or Night,
New Delight
Is only lasting.*

Cor. You

Cor. You see, Sir, I have not accus'd him
falsely;

He owns himself more wicked, than I spoke him.

Ar. Tis true, as such we shall consider him.
Well, my good Friends, I hope what you pro-
pose

Will shew your Hearts are of an honest Mould.

[*To Cimon, and Mopsus.*
There stands the Maid ; if you have ought to
Urge,

That may prefer your Hopes to *Damon's*,
Take this Occasion to avow your Love :
You have her Father's Wish, and my Protection.

Ci. Ah ! Sir, an' like you, I have no Heart to
speak ;

She Flouts, and Glowts, at me, from Morn to
Night.

See ! How she looks now ! 'Cause she can't a-
void me.

Ar. Take Courage, Man ; 'tis but her Maiden
Shyness.

Ci. D'ye think so, Sir ? Why then I will take
Heart !

If an old Song will do the Thing, have at her.

A I R 4.

There's not a Swain,
On the Plain,

C 2

Wou'd.

20 DAMON and PHILLIDA:

Wou'd be bless'd as I,
O cou'd you but, cou'd you but, on me Smile :
But you appear
So severe,
That trembling with Fear,
My Heart goes pit a pat ! pit a pat ! all the
When I cry, (while !
Must I die ?
You make no Reply,
But look sly,
And with a scornful Eye,
Kill me with your Cruelty :
How can you be, can you be,
How can you be, so hard to me ?

Ah ! poor Cimon ! Thou art ne'er the nearer !
Not all thy Sighs, nor Songs, nor Sobs, can
move her. [Crying.

Cor. You see, my Lord, the Lad tho' fearful, in
His Heart is honestly dispos'd however.

Ar. Perhaps she may be more inclin'd to
Mopsus.

Æg. Come, Mopsus, now for thee, thy Heart
seems chearful.

Mop. Ay ! 'twas always so : I love to Laugh,
Let things go how they will ; why let her
Frown !

As long as Cimon's us'd as ill as I

It

It gives ones Mind a little Ease however!
Happen as 'twill, I shall have him to laugh at!
So, as he's for singing an old Song sadly,
'Twill but sad, to try a new one merrily.

A I R. 5.

When Phillida milks her Cow,
How have I stood smirking?
Ob! the pretty Stream wou'd flow,
With a Jerk, and a Jerk in!
Thy whiter Bosom too so beav'd,
Half out, and Half in!
That of my Breath I was bereav'd,
With a Fit of Laughing!
I cou'd not hold from Lau---gbing!
Half out, and Half in!
Ob! to see them fall, and rise!
I laugb'd, till I lost my Eyes:
Half out, and Half in!
And it was the prettiest Sight,
E'er gave Delight,
From Morn to Night,
I cou'd ba' died with Laughing,
With Laugb---ing.

Æ. Well said, *Mopsus*, Thou sing'st it, from
thy Heart,
And 'tis a merry one---

22 D A M O N and P H I L L I D A :

Mop. Better than crying.

Cor. Ah! Sir, we poor Swains have but homely Words,

To speak our Minds; but what we say, we stand to.

Ar. An honest Principle. Now, my good Friend;

Let us inquire into thy Daughter's Heart:
For that must guide us —

Cor. *Pbillida*, come near!

Ar. Well, my fair Maid! Is there within my Power,

Ought that may contribute to thy Happiness?
Of all these Youths, for thou art free to chuse,
Which is the Swain comes nearest to thy Heart?

Phil. Since I am forc'd to speak the Truth,
my Lord,

I own my Heart has play'd a simple Game;
I know my Father's Kindness means me well;
And I cou'd wish I had the Power to please him;
But I am loath to lead a Savage Life:
And sure! these Lads were woeful Company.

Ci. O scornful Maid! My Heart will burst
with Grief! [Cries.

Mop. Hoh! hoh! poor *Cimon's* in a bitter ta-
king! [Laughs.

Phil. 'Twere hard to chuse, from such ex-
treams of Folly! [Damon,

Damon, with all his Infidelities,
Seems not to me, Sir, half so terrible !
And I am more, than much afraid, I love him !
'Tis true, I know him fickle, false, and faithless !
And I have try'd a thousand, thousand Times,
To shut him from my Thoughts, but 'twill not
do !

When e'er my Heart is open, in he comes !
Again submits, and is again forgiven !
Again I love, and am again forsaken !
Yet still he fools me on ; and when he's absent,
With Sighs, and Songs, I thus relieve my Folly.

A I R 6.

What Woman cou'd do, I have try'd to be free ;
Yet do all I can,
I find I love him, and tho' he flies me,
Still, still, he's the Man.
They tell me, at once, he to twenty will swear :
When Vows are so sweet, who the falsehood can
(fear ?)

So, when you have said all you can,
Still—still he's the Man.

(2.)

I caught him once making love to a Maid,
When I to him ran
He turn'd, and he kiss'd me, then who cou'd up-
So civil a Man ? (braid,

*The next Day I found to a Third he was kind,
I rated him soundly, he swore I was blind;
So, let me do what I can,
Still—still he's the Man.*

(3.)

All the World bids me beware of his Art :

*I do what I can ;
But he has taken such hold of my Heart,
I doubt he's the Man !*

*So sweet are his Kisses, his Looks are so kind,
He may have his Faults, but if I none can find,
Who can do more than they can,
He —— still is the Man.*

'Ar. Take comfort, *Corrydon*, all yet may mend:
Thy Daughter's frank Confession of her Love
Persuades me of her guarded Innocence !
And though licentious *Damon* may deserve
Severe Reproof ; yet for the Maiden's Sake
(For what he suffers, her fond Heart will feel)
We will not harden him by Punishment,
But rather tempt him by Reward, to Virtue,
Of this bad Matter make we then the best.
If therefore, *Damon*, thou, or any Swain,
By Suit, or Service of his Love, can woe,
And win this gentle Maid to be his Bride,
The Dow'r, which her kind Father has declar'd,

My

My self will double, on her Marriage-Day,
And give him, with her Hand, my farther Fa-
vour.

Cor. May all the God's preserve the boun-
tous *Arcas*.

A double Portion ! Now, my honest Lads,
There's brave Encouragement to warm your
Hearts !

Now shew your Skill, and who's the featest
Fellow !

Now Sing, and Dance her down to your Desires !
Now *Phillida*, let faithless *Damon* see
What Love, and Honesty have gain'd, by Truth ;
And what his Pranks have lost by Wickedness.

Phil. Dishonesty shall never gain on me.

Mop. A double Dowry, *Cimon* ; now's our
Time.

Ci. Ay, but I'm tender-Hearted ; my poor
Hopes

Will never Blossom, while she looks so Frosty.

Æg. Learn of thy Brother, Lad ; thou seest
He knows

No Fear, nor Grief : Up with thy Heart, and
at her.

Ci. Well then, since you encourage me, I will.

Æg. Well said, my Boy ! Ah ! this Joyful Day
Has set my Heart upon the merry Pin !

When I was Young, 'twas thus I play'd the Sweetheart.

AIR 7.

When I follow'd a Lass that was froward, and Shy,

O! I stuck to her Stuff, till I made her comply!

O! I took her so lovingly round the Wastle,

And I smack'd her Lips, and I held her fast!

When hugg'd, and ball'd,

She Squeal'd and, Squall'd;

And tho' she vow'd, all I did was in vain!

Yet I pleas'd her so well, that she bore it again!

Yet I pleas'd, &c.

Then hoity toity!

Whisking, frisking,

Green was her Gown upon the Grass;

O! such was the Joy of our dancing Days!

O! such was the Joy of our dancing Days!

Ar. Well done, my merry Heart! Come *Cor-rydon*,

Now let us leave these Lovers free to Woo,
And he that first subduing and subdued,
Comes Hand in Hand, to ask her Bridal Dow'r;
In farther Token of my Love, my self
Will crown him with a Chaplet, worth his
Wearing.

Æg. Now

Æg. Now for the Garland —

Mop. Live the noble *Arcas*.

[*Exit Arcas and Ægon severally.*]

Cor. Let me but live to see that Knave,
That graceleſs *Damon* bobb'd! let him but wear
The Willow! I'll jump into my Grave,
With Joy. — [*Exit Corrydon.*]

Da. So! now have I probably
All my whole Work to do over again!
This double Dow'r, no Doubt will turn her
Brain,
And set the Wind-mill of her Sex a going.

[*Aside.*]

Mop. Now! *Cimon*, now!

Ci. I'd rather you'd speak first:

Mop. No, you are the Elder —

Ci. But my Heart misgives me.

Phil. Still Silent! no kind Offer yet from
Damon?

Has Fortune no Effect upon his Heart? [*Aside.*]

Ci. No, no, I tell you, I shall never hit
The Tune alone —

Mop. Well then, be sure you Back me.

A I R 8.

*Tell me, Philly, tell me roundly,
When you will your Heart surrender?*

D 2

Ci.

Ci. *Faith, and Troth! I love thee woundly,
And I was the first Pretender.*

Mop. *Of us Boys,*

Ci. *Take thy Choice:*

Mop. *Here's a Heart—*

Ci. *And here's a Hand too.*

Mop. *His or mine,*

Ci. *All is thine.*

Both. *Body and Goods, at thy Command too.*

Phil. How harsh and tedious is the Voice
Of Love, from any but the Voice desir'd.

A I R Ditto.

*While you both pretend a Passion,
'Twou'd be cruel to chuse either ;
To preserve your Inclination,
I must kindly fix on neither
 To be Just,
 I now must,
Make yours, and yours be equal Cases :
 Therefore pray,
 From this Day,
I never may behold your Faces.*

Now be silent; if *Damon* is inclin'd
To speak, his turn is next; you've had your
Answer.

Mop.

Mop. Well! let him speak! mayhap your Face
May get as little good from him, as ours
From you; 'tisn't every Man will marry you.
Don't cry, *Cimon*; it only makes her prouder.

Ci. She has given me such a kick o'the Heart,
I shall never recover it — — —

Phil. Hark thee *Cimon*! 53A
I like thee better than thy Brother far.

Ci. O! the Gracious! Do you truly and truly?

Phil. I'll give thee Proof this Instant! take
him hence,

And keep him from my Sight, an Hour at least,
And when thou seest me next, come thou with-
out him.

Ci. Give me thy Hand on't — — —

Phil. Hush! Not now, they'll see us.
Away with him — — —

Ci. A Word's enough — I'll do't —
Come, *Mopsus*, come away — for I have a thing,
And such a thing to tell thee Boy — — —

Mop. What ails
The Fool! Thou'rt Mad!

Ci. Mad! Ay, and so wou'd you
Be too, were my Case yours; but come away.

Mop. Nay not so fast, good *Cimon* — — —

Ci. Faster, *Mopsus*, faster. { *Cimon* burries
off *Mopsus*.

Da. My charming Creature ! this was kindly done !

Never was Favour to a Fool, so well Dissembled ! —

Phil. Yes, I have learnt, from you, Dissembling.

And you'll again dissemble, to reward me.

Da. Why so suspicious, *Phyllida* ? Don't I love thee ?

Why all this Bustle, at my Heart, when thus I touch thy Hand, or gaze upon thy Eyes !

Give me thy Lips, and see how thou'rt mistaken.

Phil. No, Damon ; Lips are but Liquorish Proofs

Of Love, and thine too often have deceiv'd me.

A I R 9.

Da. *Away with Suspicion,*
That Bane to Desire ;
The Heart that loves truly, all Danger defies :
The Rules of Discretion
But stifles the Fire ;
On it's Merit alone, true Beauty relies.

What Folly to tremble,
Lest the Lover dissemble ?
His Fire ?

Turtles that woe,

Bil

*Bill and Cooe :
While we enjoy
We must be true !
And to repeat it, is all,
All ! We can desire.*

Phil. 'Tis thus thou always hast decoy'd my
Heart !

Thou knowst I love, and therefore wou'dst un-
do me.

Da. I know thou lovest, and therefore
wou'd secure thee.

A I R 10.

Phil. *While you pursue me,
Thus to undo me,
Sure Ruin lies in all you say.
To bring your Toyning,
Up to Enjoying,
Call first the Priest, and name the Day ;
Then, then name the Day.*

*Lasses are Willing,
As Lads, for Billing,
When Marriage Vows are kindly prest.
Let holy Father,
Tye us together,
Then Bill your fill, and Bill your best ;
Then, then bill your best.*

Da.

Da. What not a Hand, a Lip for old Acquaintance?

Not one poor Sample, of the Grain, my Dear,
Unless I make a Purchase of the Whole?

Phil. No, *Damon*; now 'tis Time to end
our Fooling.

Consent to wed me, or forbear to Love.

Da. What? dost think to starve me into
Marriage?

Phil. I'll starve my self, but I'll avoid thy
Falshood!

Graze where thou wilt, I'll feed no ranging
Lovers.

Da. No — nor I won't be Pounded while I
can leap

A Hedge; So keep your Grafs for Calves to
Graze on,

I need not go a Mile for Pasture, Dame,
And good as any Meal that you can make me.

Phil. Do, leave me, do, and prove thy self
a Traytor!

Faithless, Inhumane *Damon*! ----

Da. Mighty well!

This double Dow'r, I find, has turn'd thy Brain!
And thou wou'dst make me madder than thy
self!

A Husband! Death! a Mill-horse! What to
grind,

And

And grind in one poor hopeless round of Life!
To-Day, to-morrow, and to-morrow, still
To plod the Path, trod the Day before!
O! methinks I feel the Collar on my Shoulders!

Phil. Abandon'd *Damon!* now I begin to
hate thee!

Da. I'm glad, my Mistress, that you'll speak
your Mind!

Some Girls will fool you on till one's Heart aches!
But since I know your Play, Forsooth, hang lag,
Say I, and so farewell, fair *Phillada.*

A I R. II.

Da. *I'll range the World, where Freedom reigns,*
And scatter Love around the Plains.

Phil. *I'll starve my Love, and rather Part,*
Than yield my Hand, to fool my Heart.

Da. *The Frowns of this, I ne'er take Ill,*
Where one denies there's two that will.

Phil. *Since Maids by Kindness are undone,*
Adieu Mankind; I'll Sigh for none.

Da. *No Frozen Lajs shall hold me long.*

Phil. *No Swain, that's False, my Love shall*
(wrong.)

Da. *Farewell, Farewell, 'tis time to part.*

Phil. *Thus from thy hold, I tear my Heart.*

Both. *Farewell, Farewell, 'Tis time to part.*

(*Exeunt severally.*



A C T II.

Enter Damon Solus.

D A M O N.

Cou'd I have ever thought to have seen
this Day !
That I should fold my Arms, and sigh for One ?
Nay One that in her Turn has sigh'd for me !
And only cou'd subdue me by her Parting !
How cou'd the Gypsy muster such a Spirit ?
The pertness of her Pride has so provok'd me,
That I shall never rest in my Bed, till she
Lies by me - - -

A I R 1.

*Around the Plains my Heart has rov'd:
The Brown, the Fair, my Flames approv'd:
The Pert, the Proud, by turns have lov'd;
And kindly fill'd my Arms.
I danc'd, I sung, I talk'd, I toy'd,
While this I woo'd I that enjoy'd,
And ere the Kind, with Kindness cloy'd.
The Coy resign'd her Charms.*

But

But now alass ! those Days are done :
The wrong'd are all reveng'd, by One,
Who, like a frighted Bird, is flown,
Yet leaves her Image here
O cou'd I, yet, her Heart recall,
Before her Feet my Pride wou'd fall,
And for her Sake, forsaking all,
Wou'd fix for ever there.

Here she comes, and with her --- Ha ---
Her Father ! --- Soft --- I'm out of Favour
there !

Lie close a while, and mark what Nail's a dri-
ving. (Retires.

Enter Corrydon, with Phillida.

Cor. And I say, think no more of him. ---

Phil. That's hard !

Is't not enough I see him not ?

Cor. I say,

Avoid him as the wildest Beast of Prey !
He uses Girls like Carrion ; Not the Wolf
In a Sheepfold, or hungry Fox on Poultry,
Can make more Havock, than that wicked
Rogue,

Amongst the Wench's Hearts. ---

Da. That must be me ! (Bebind.

But what says *Phillida* ?

Phil. Suppose this true!

Yet cou'd he, still, be brought to marry me!

Cor. My Patience! Has he not refus'd to marry.

Phil. And therefore I have declar'd against his Love.

Cor. Ay, ay, but still he lurks within your Heart!

And till you drive him thence----

Phil. I strive to do it;

And if you knewst the Pain, you'd pity me.

A I R 2.

*A thousand ways to wean my Heart,
I've try'd, yet, can't remove him.*

*And tho' for Life, I've sworn to Part,
For Life, I find, I love him.*

*Still should the dear false Man return,
And with new Vows pursue me,*

*His flattering Tongue wou'd kill my Scorn,
And still, I fear, undo me.*

Cor. Consider *Philly*, if thou'rt fairly marry'd,
(And thou hast Choice of *Cimon*, or of *Mopsus*,)
How happy will thy double Dowry make thee?

Phil. I do consider, Father; so shou'd you!
As a low Fortune with the Man, I love,
Can't make me Rich; so Riches with the Man
I hate,

I hate, can't make me Happy. ——

Da. Gallant Girl! [Behind

O! I cou'd eat thy very Lips, that spoke it.

Cor. See! yonder's *Cimon* coming! For my Sake,

Dear *Phyllida*, give him at least a Smile;

A little Love endur'd, may teach the Boy,

In time, to please thee. ——

Phil. Well, since you desire it;
But *Mopsus* has the same Pretensions too.
Send him to make his equal Claim,
And, 'till he's found, I'll hear what *Cimon* says.

Cor. Ah! *Phyllida*, thou gainst my Heart,
I'll fend him. [Exit Corrydon.

Da. Now shall I measure, by their Hopes,
my own.

Enter to ber Cimon Singing.

A I R 3.

Ci. Behold and see thy wounded Lover,
Whose Truth from thee will ne'er depart!
O let my Tears, at length, discover
One gentle Smile, to heal my Heart!

Phil. Were in the World, no Man but *Cimon*,
None of the Femals Kind but I,
With me shou'd end the Name of Woman,
With thee the Race of Man shou'd die.

Ci. O cruel Sound! False-hearted *Phillida*!
Did'st thou not say, thou lov'd st me better than
My Brother *Mopsus*? —

Phil. Yes; but 'twas,
As of two Evils, I wou'd chuse the least:
Stay, till I am bound to chuse, and then Re-
proach me.

Thy crying makes me laugh, his Laughing makes
Me sleep — There's all the hopeful Difference.

A I R 4.

Ci. *O what a Plague is Love!*

I cannot bear it:
What Life so curs'd can prove,
Or Pain come near it!
When I wou'd tell my Mind,
My Heart misdoubts me;
Or when I speak, I find,
With Scorn she routs me.
In vain is all I say,
Her Answer still is Nay;
O dismal, doleful Day!
Phillida flouts me!

Enter *Mopsus Singing.*

A I R 5.

Mop. *Ah! poor Cimon! Dud a cry!*

Well-a-Day! wipe an Eye! O fy, Phillida!

To

*To treat him so Scornfully,
Shamefully, Mournfully !*

Phillida, fy !

Phil. *No, no, no, Sir Pert, and Dull !
Simpleton, Paperskull, I for ever shall
Think thee far the greater Fool ;
Therefore will give thee Cause
With him to cry.*

Ci. *Toll, loll, loll ! doll ! — Now I pray ?
Who hast Cause most to cry, ah ! well-a-day ?*

Mop. *What care I ! why let her Scoff,
I laugh ; play her off, better than you.*

Ci. *Ab ! poor Mopius ! thou 'rt a Fool !*

Mop. *I say, you 're a greater Owl.*

Ci. *Nay, now I 'm sure that 's a Lye !*

Mop. *What 's a Lye ? —*

Ci. *That 's a Lye !*

Mop. *I say, 'tis true.*

A I R 6. (The Air Changes.)

Phil. *Give over your Love, you great Loobies !
I hate you both, you Sir, and you too :
Did ever a Brace of such Boobies
The Lass, that detests them, pursue !*

Mop. *How ! —*

Phil. *Goe ! —*

Ci. *Oh ! I 'm ready to Faint !*

How art you ?

[To Mopius.

Mop.

40 D A M O N and P H I L L I D A:

Mop. *Why truly she treats us but, so, so.*

For my Part I think she's a Devil.

A Woman wou'd scorn to do so.

Ci. *O Fy! fy! such Words are uncivil.*

• Phil. *Prepare then to hear my last Sentence.*
Before I'd wed either, much rather
I'd stand on the Stool of Repentance,
And want for my Bantling a Father.
Goe!

Ci. *Ob! Woe! I'm ready to Faint.*

Mop. *And I too.*

Was ever a Slut so inhumane!

Odszook! let us take down her Mettle!

Ci. *I dare not. —*

Mop. *Let me come! pshaw waw, Man.*
She only has water'd a Nettle.

In short, this won't do, Mrs Vixen!

For one of us two you must now chuse.

Phil. *Then you are the Man that I fix on;*
And you — are the Fool I refuse.

[Strikes each a Box on the Ear.

Ci. *Waunds!*

Both. *Go! The Devil wou'd fly such a Spouse.*

[Exeunt Cimon and Mopus.

Phil.

Phil. If there's a Joy comes near recovering
those

We love, sure 'tis to silence those we hate.

Damon presents himself to Phillida, Singing.

A I R 7.

Da. See! behold, and see!

With an Eye kind, and relenting,
Damon, now, repenting,
Only true to thee.

Content to Love, and Love for Life.

Phil. If you, now Sincere,

With an honest Declaration,
Mean to prove you Passion,
To the Purpose swear,

And make, at once, a Maid a Wife.

Da. Thus, for Life, I take thee,

Never to forsake thee.

Soon, or late,

I find our Fate,

To Hearts astray,

Directs the Way,

And brings, to lasting Joys, the Rover Home.

Phil. Ever kind, and tender,

Conquer'd, I surrender:

Prove but true,

As I, to you,

F

Each

Each kindling Kiss,
Shall yield a Bliss,
That only, from the Constant Lip, can come.

A I R 8.

Da. To the Priest, away, to bind our Vows,
With our Hands, and Hearts united.

Phil. To reduce the Rover, to lawful Spouse,
Is a Triumph, my Heart has delighted.

Da. If I never cou'd fix,
'Twas the fault of the Sex,
Who easily yielding, were easy, to cloy.

Both. { But in Love we still find,
When the Heart's well inclin'd,
In One, only One, is the Joy.
But in Love &c.

[Exeunt Hand in Hand.

Enter Arcas and Ægon.

Ar. Yes, Ægon, I overheard it all, conceal'd
Within a Bower, which scarce the Sun or Wind
Cou'd pierce, my Ears were Witness of his
Love;

And when, to her Amazement, he discover'd
Her exalted Virtue had subdu'd him,
Her tender Transports even recall'd my Youth,
And gave my Eyes the Softness of a Lover!

Æg. Why, ay, my Lord, here Love appears
in Triumph,
Speaks from the Heart, and flames with Inno-
cence.

Where

Where shall we find in pompous Courts, or
Cities,

Desires so Cordial so refin'd by Virtue?

Ar. Wherever Pride, Deceit, or sordid Views,
Are banish'd *Ægon*, we shall always find them.
Let us not think our selves then only blest'd,
Because the general World makes light of
Virtue,

Cou'd Millions taft the same exalted Bliss,
It rather, then, might heighten our Content-
ments.

Æg. Why be it so, my Lord: But since
Mankind

Shew, by their sensual Pleasures, their Mistake,
Let us not grieve because we can't Reform them.
Let us exult upon our Choice, and leave
Vain glorious Greatness to its guilded Wishes,
This Day at least, we'll dedicate to Mirth,
This most glorious Day that gave you Birth,
And give our Rural Swains a Jubilee.

Ar. Hast thou provided, *Ægon*, for th' Occa-
sion?

Æg. A Moment's Patience! Sir; You'll find
I've not

Been Idle.—

Enter Corrydon, Damon and Phillida.

Cor. Long live the ever Noble House of *Arcas*!
May his high Race, from Endless Heirs to Heirs,

Make many more such Holydays as this.

Ar. I thank thee *Corrydon.*

Cor. At last, my Lord, I've found a Cause
for Comfort,

Your kind Benevolence has done the Deed.
My Lord the Rover is at last Reclaim'd,
And *Damon* now is dub'd a downright Husband.

Ar. With Pleasure I confess I know it :

And *Phillida* his Bride - - -

Cor. Even so, my Lord.

I saw the Priest this Moment joyn their Hands.

Ar. In Earnest of my Promise *Damon*, wear
This Ring. All Happiness attend you.

Da. Health, and the Rays of many a smiling
Morn,

Like this prolong the Days of *Arcas*.

Enter Ægon, Shepherd and Shepherdesses.

Æg. I've brought you, Sir, a Troop of jolly
Swains,

Who promise all their Skill to please. Let us
Sit down, and take well meaning for their Merit.

Ar. Thanks to thy Love; thy gay chearful
Temper,

Revives the Images of Pleasure past,
When Mirth and Revels were excus'd by Youth.

Æg. Excus'd by Youth, my Lord! You make
me Smile;

Is there a stated Time, in this short Life,
That

That makes it Wisdom to be Sad,
Or Weakness to be Happy! No!
Shou'd we have cause for Gladness, and not
shew it?

Was't not this happy Day that gave you Birth?
Are not you Lord of these *Arcadian* Plains?
Where, like the Substitute of Heavenly Power,
You dole the Blessings, you from them receive,
And make a People by your Bounty Happy.
Yet not more blest by Bounty than Example:
Your Life has taught those Virtues, you Reward.
And is not this a Cause for General Joy?

A I R 9.

Da. *Ye Nymphs and Swains,*
With Melody bail the Day;
Make Helyday round the Plains,
All Jollily Dance and Play
This happy, Glorious Sun,
Gave to your Fields a Lord,
Of all your Hopes the Crown,
And to your Folds, the Guard;
Let the Man to all so Dear,
With Rural Pan be Sung:
To the next, and next good Year
May be live Blest and Long.

A D A N C E.

Ar. O! *Ægon!* How shall I requite thy Love?
A Heart so finish'd in the Mould of Friendship,

46 D A M O N and P H I L L I D A:

Raises my Wonder high as my Content !
These, *Ægon*, these are Pleasures, from thy Care
Deriv'd, which *Arcas* never can repay.

Æg. Talk not of Obligations, Sir, unless
You wou'd inquire, what *Ægon*, was to *Arcas*.

Ar. Let them be mutual then: What Virtue
gives

Is always so: When Friends, on Friends, confer,
To give, or to receive, is equal Pleasure.

Da. And how shall we, my Lord !
Find Words to express, our Thanks, or Praise ?

Ar. Continue, by your Virtues, to deserve
my Favour,

You give me, then, not only Praise, but Triumph.

Da. Now *Phillida* !

Let me confess, to find a Female Mind,
So justly Jealous of her Maiden Fame,
Gives me Wonder, great, as is my Joy.

*Learn hence, ye Nymphs, your Lovers to be-
ware,*

*Let Virtue, not your Conquests, prove your Care.
The Vows your Charms inspire, with Charms
will break,*

*And teach the fated Lover to forsake:
But when, with Virtue aided, you subdue,
Long will your Swains adore, and long be True.*

4 OC 58 [Exeunt Omnes.

F I N I S.

